

HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

Edited by
Herbert Halpert

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Bloomington, Indiana

VOLUME III, No. 2

June, 1944

Price \$1.00 a year. For members only

LORE OF THE TANKBUILDERS

(Part 3 of TALES FROM A STEEL TOWN)

Nearly two years ago I began a short but very much enjoyed period of employment with Graver Tank Company, Incorporated, of East Chicago, Indiana. Thus it was my true pleasure to meet that little-known and highly picturesque group, the tankbuilders, an experience reflected some time ago in the pages of this journal through a cursory account of the tankbuilders and the presentation of one of their stories, told by Mr. Hubert Smith. That account found its way back to the plant and to the desk of Mr. Harry Moser.

A burly man, permanently tanned by his days under the sun as a tankbuilder and later as a foreman overseeing the erection of some of the largest tanks of their various types, Mr. Moser is now, or was when I knew him, the very efficient field superintendent for Graver. Justly proud of his experience as a tankbuilder, he was pleased by any recognition, however slight, of the color and interest that characterize his profession. So it was that one day he stopped at my desk to comment on my mention of the tankbuilders and their wanderlust. At odd intervals, a few minutes now and again, on walks to and from the plant, in the luxurious and welcome quarter-hour between the completion of lunch and the one o'clock whistle, there followed much artfully-told lore of the tankbuilders. Among stories of accidents, of crushed tanks, of spectacular labor battles, of tank-building families like the five Kinghorns and their father, of strange characters, and of great engineering, were a few items that should have interest for the folklorist.

On that first day when Harry Moser leaned his great muscular forearm on my desk, he began in this wise: "You know that's right about the men and their wandering. They'll go from New York to California on a rumor, won't even bother to find out if it's true or whether the job is already done. They like to be on the go. They have a story on themselves that they tell about that." (Then followed a little prodding and then the story).

1. Sending to Hell

A tankbuilder once managed somehow to get into Heaven. It was all right, but God didn't think it was too safe to have tankbuilders getting into Heaven. So he called Peter and told him to keep any other tankbuilders out. But Peter wanted to know what to do if a tankbuilder showed up and passed all the tests. So God told the tankbuilder who was already in to help Peter and said to Peter, "He'll know what to do." When the tankbuilder showed up at the gates and passed all his tests, Peter would turn him over to his assistant,

who would whisper "Did you know that the devil's building four eighties down in Hell?" The tankbuilder would say goodbye and start off to Hell. (Here it might be interpolated that an "eighty" is an eighty-foot tank, a very good-sized tank).

This went on for a long time; then, one day the tankbuilder angel went around to see God and said, "I'm quitting." God asked why and he said he was just quitting. Then all of a sudden, God said, "Now listen, you know that stuff about the devil isn't true. The devil isn't going to build any eighties." "Well, he might," said the tankbuilder and started off.

(This is a form of a tale in the Aarne-Thompson Type Index. It is told of various occupations: of pipeline men, in Don Eddy, "Pipeline to Victory", American Magazine, CXXXV (June, 1943), p. 35; of oil men, in Carl Sandburg, The People, Yes, p. 90; of gold-prospectors: from Idaho in Idaho Lore, p. 126; from Colorado in David Lavender, One Man's West (Armed Services Editions, New York, copyright 1943), p. 73; and from Nome and Fairbanks, Alaska, in the Halpert mss. -- The Editor.)

There were no other folk tales such as this except for one little punning anecdote that requires much explanation except to those in the industry. Amusingly enough, Mr. Moser was disappointed that I did not have to have the references explained, and doubly so that my reaction was not one of hilarity.

2. Getting A Job

A drunk tankbuilder came up to a job one time. He was looking for work. So he found the foreman and goes up to him and says, "Are you the ringmaster?" (A tank is built in a series of rings, one on top of the other -- so that a storage tank may be three rings high and have five steel plates to each ring.) The foreman said he was the ringmaster. The drunk man asks him, "Are you hiring any clowns?" (No particular word play that I know of.) "Well, that depends on what the clowns can do," says the foreman. And the drunk says, "Well, I can beat 'em, bake 'em, and buck 'em." (Thus, I suppose, assuring himself a job, for the intoxicated one has asserted proficiency in three important branches of tankbuilding. A riveter "beats" rivets as he drives them into place; a heater gets the rivets red hot by "baking" them; and a "bucker-up" is a riveter's assistant who stands on the other side of the plates and with a tool supplies a sort of stop against which the rivet is driven).

* * *

Otherwise, Mr. Moser told me no real folk tales, although I am sure that longer acquaintance would have produced more. Instead he told true stories of one labor gang actually driving another off a job in a wild battle; of how a real tankbuilder can fall from a high rigging and, by tumbling in a rolling whirl, come up shaken but unhurt from a drop that would kill another person; of how tankbuilders will just evaporate from a job upon which a serious accident has happened because of their conviction that other accidents will happen. I myself saw proof of the last point. A workman on one job took a bad fall. He himself returned the next day, but several other workers promptly left, giving various explanations the untruth of which was evinced by their equally prompt appearance at other jobs being operated by the same company.

Two other points are worth mentioning. One is the belief that one tankbuilder will recognize another. I have heard this attested to several times, although I wonder whether the degree of proximity to tank-building jobs may not have a direct relationship to the effectiveness of this faculty. It should be mentioned, too, that each tankbuilder has an amazing acquaintance with other tankbuilders over a wide-spread area.

The other is a proverb-* like saying to express stupidity and inefficiency: "It's a dumb tankbuilder who gets inside a tank by climbing over the sheet in a tank that's one ring and one sheet up." The picture may need explanation. As stated above, a tank is built in rings, each ring composed of several plates. The maximum envisions a tank in which one ring has been completed and the second just started. The stupid worker is climbing over that part of the tank wall which is twice as high as the rest.

Such a short exposure as I had, even with excellent sources of information such as mine were, can only yield the most fragmentary impression of a very picturesque occupation which is actually a way of life. Thus I should like to stress a suggestion already made that a study of the tankbuilders would be very fruitful for the local colorist and especially for the folklorist.

Indiana University

William Hugh Jansen

(Parts 1 and 2 of this interesting series appeared in the Bulletin, I, 41-42, and 78-81. Mr. Jansen's vivid setting for the lore he has collected gives it a doubled importance. The article "Pipeline to Victory" mentioned in the note, describes a group of men somewhat similar to the tankbuilders. -- The Editor.)

THE FOLKSINGER SPEAKS

Those of us who collect folksongs soon learn that they have different values for our informants than for us. Often we get some hint of this from the casual comments our singers make, and it becomes more apparent if we take down autobiographical data. A few casually proposed questions asked with an attitude of interest in the old days give the best results. We learn how deeply interwoven in peoples' lives these songs are when we get a description by a singer of his everyday life and work and the important part amusements such as singing played in it, also if we get answers to such questions as when he began to sing, how he learned songs, what kind of songs he enjoyed -- and why, and by asking his opinion of modern songs and radio singers.

Some generalizations can be made from such interviews although we would need many of them before we could be sure how well they hold for more than one individual or area. One interview, "A Michigan Lumberjack Singer" was given in an earlier issue of the

Bulletin (I, 81-84). Of the three interviews given here, one is from Mississippi, and one from New York. The third informant, although now living in New York, is originally from Pennsylvania and describes conditions as he knew them there. The three interviews, in addition to representing different areas, give us some variation in age and sex. The first informant is a woman with grown children, the second a young man, and the third an old one. The words are the singers' own, recorded verbatim and given here unchanged. Some of my questions and descriptions are given in parentheses.

From these interviews we learn, among other things, of the strong effect singing had on audiences, and the prestige the singer had. We see the important role of the family setting for the teaching of songs and carrying on the singing tradition. And from the first two interviews we see some of the pressures that have made the old songs go into retirement, so that today, over much of the United States, the old ballads are now the possession only of the older generation.

The first interview I secured while on an expedition sponsored by the Joint Committee on Folk Arts, WPA. The other two were recorded on trips supported by a grant-in-aid from the American Council of Learned Societies. I wish to acknowledge here my indebtedness and appreciation to both of these organizations. My recordings of songs by Mrs. Ollie Womble are in the Archive of American Folk-Song, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. I have none from Peter Conklin. Those made for me by Chauncey Blackmore are deposited in the Folklore Library of Indiana University.

I. MISSISSIPPI SINGER

Interview with Mrs. Ollie Womble, near Banner, Calhoun Co., Mississippi, May 19, 1939.

I used to like them pretty well -- the old songs. I thought the sad ones was prettiest. (Do you still sing them?) Not much -- the children don't like it. They'll cry and leave the room if I start one of those old sad songs. I just felt that it was a song, and that things like that could happen but it was no more to cry about than a sad book. It was just in song. It could happen but I never felt that it did happen. I could sing them without being sad. I've set and sung them when everyone in the house, when I'd sing for a big crowd, would be cryin'. But I just quit singin' them altogether when the girls got big enough to sing. They wouldn't help me sing, and I'd sing things that we could all sing together. I still like the sad songs and I have a feelin' fer the people in it, but I hardly ever sing them on account of touchin' the others' feelings.

We'd sing any songs, the songs of the year. I'd take my new song and sit down by the churn, and learn the music from the notes. Use to know the shape notes. I'd write on the music over the round note the letter that stood for the vocal way: do, ray, mi, (etc.); then I'd sing it off right there. I always could sing it without an instrument. I learned shape notes from the old Sacred Harp.

(How did you learn them?) I'd just hear them sung when I was a child. If I heard a song twice, I'd know every word of it. (How long a song?) Any song six or eight verses. (How about thirteen verses?) I'd have to have some of that written off, I guess. I don't remember learning one that long just by hearing it twice. Nearly everybody can remember them that way when they're young and have nothin' much on their mind. As they get old, they're more forgetful. They have so many things to think of, it makes them more forgetful. Lot of our songs we had written off -- old ballits. Got the tunes hearin' mother singin'. We'd learn them old songs by heart, but we'd write them off for other people.

I've always noticed that I like songs better that I learn by ear than ones I learn by notes. I don't know why, except that one you work out is slow and doesn't ever sound as pretty. It doesn't have the ring of one you learn by ear -- you just get the swing of the song that way. The other, you don't like it as well at first.

I never minded singin' before any number of people. I'd just sing it my way. I don't remember when I began to sing. I could sing tunes as far back as I could remember, and all my children could. I started singin' for people when I was about twelve years old. I didn't mind it at all. I always enjoyed it. I just enjoyed music. I've been pickin' the guitar by ear for forty years. I could play the chords on the organ and learned them on the guitar, and went on singin' the same old songs that I learned on the organ and getting new ones.

I was always singin' around the house. My goodmess, I never start milkin' the cow **without I go singin'!** **It's just a natural habit. I don't know I'm doin' it unless someone mentions it.** Just as natural as breathing. My mother was the same way. She was always singin' at her work. I learned all my old songs from my mother. And a lot from my cousin.

II. SOUTHERN NEW YORK SINGER

Interview with Peter Conklin, 29, Sloatsburg, Rockland Co.,
New York, August 1, 1940.

(Where are your people from?) I don't know where they came from, I believe it was England. Back in Central Valley -- Woodbury Mountains -- they lived back in there. Went to town every two weeks. They used to work for a farmer -- be a farmer down in the valley and they'd go there and work for the farmer. Father, he worked year 'round for one man -- ice in the winter time, they had a big ice house. Summer be farmin'; winter be ice to get in.

Father -- he used to sing all the time some kind of song. He'd pick up something if he couldn't think any song to sing. When he run out of songs, he'd just take another tune, put in some words himself. Sounded good too. I used to sit and listen to him for hours. All the kids did for that matter -- we'd all listen till we fell asleep. He'd be singin' anywhere -- dinin' room, kitchen -- we'd fall asleep

right in the chair. I was only about -- anywheres from the time I could understand him up till he died. Not so much from about thirteen years up. When I was thirteen, started to run around with the boys -- you know the way you get away from the family. Be out and get in just about the time to go to bed. Didn't hear him much then. If he didn't sing, we knew something was the matter.

We used to sing 'em -- all the kids used to get together and sing 'em ourselves. Get the tune and sing 'em along ourself, just when we didn't have anything to do. We'd sing 'em all together -- what one didn't know, the other one would. The old fashioned songs -- the ones they used to sing in the mountains -- the ones you never hear any more. I haven't heard any of the songs I heard when I was small. We knew them quite well -- just from listening to father sing 'em.

(How would you go about learning them?) We'd ask him to sing different songs. Some nights just ask him to keep singin' it. (Would he?) Sure, he'd sing to us all night. He used to like to sing. We'd just learn it, I don't believe we ever asked him to sing 'em just to learn them. We asked him just to hear them. After you hear them quite a lot, they come to you automatically. Sometimes we'd be walkin' along, and we sing the songs just for something to do. If anybody likes singin', they'll do it just for pastime.

(Do you still sing them?) I haven't sung any of those songs in a long time. I guess as you get older, you know how it is, you want to run around. When they were kids, they had no radios. They never learned any of the newer songs that come out in their time, and they had to keep singin' the older ones if they wanted to sing. That'd be the only way I can see -- anyway I suppose it was just a habit. When we were grown up, after radios got a little cheaper so we could buy one, he'd listen to them but he wouldn't sing 'em afterwards; he'd just sing his own songs afterwards. I went for the popular songs. Got to get out and ketch yourself a girl, you don't dare sing the old songs. She'd say you're a hick. Just like a baby -- you got to keep teasin' 'em along. You had to do everything all the rest of the boys did so they wouldn't get anything over you.

I like the cowboy songs that you keep hearin' every day. That's what I sing mostly. (Why do you like them?) I'm a guitar player and they're easier. Don't have no sharps or flats. I can accompany myself. That isn't the only thing -- I like the tunes of 'em. I don't like that swing music and all that stuff. (Are the cowboy songs like the older ones?) The tunes are -- they're slow and easy. I believe that a couple of songs my father used to sing had the same tune. I believe one of them had the same tune as Little Joe the Wrangler.

The old songs they all had a story, but they had a tune and they sang; and when they sang 'em, the story come right out. You listen to it, and one verse of the song be like a chapter in a book; like you read a chapter and one chapter tell you so much, and then you read another chapter, and that'd take you farther in the story. One verse tell you so much, then they's sing another verse in the same tune

and go on farther. Have as many verses until the story was ended. (Do you like that?) Yeah, as good as readin', only thing was you had a song to go with it. It was better.

All songs tell you a story, but I like the western stories, and western songs tell you western stories -- that's the kind I sing. I don't know if anybody sang 'em just to sing the song or to get the story out of them. That's what I sing 'em for -- to get the story. I don't know if they were true stories. The old ones had to be some happening because the people back in the hills didn't know about music or anything. They didn't have no laboratories (!) to sit down and figure a song out. It had to be something that happened or they wouldn't be able to put all them words in there-- I don't believe. They didn't do it to make money like they do now; they just did it for their own pastime. (What were the songs your father made up about?) He'd put in anything he started to sing about.

He used to sing a lot of comical ones. We'd laugh when he'd sing 'em, but they were slow tunes. He used to sing most of his songs in waltz time because he used to be a great violin player. Never got on the radio or anything like that, but with us he was a great violin player. I never heard my mother sing. (When did you start?) I can't remember. I know I was just a kid -- five or six years old.

(Why do you like western things?) Maybe because of the action in them. When I go to the movies, I always go to a western. I don't know what it is takes your mind. They all have action: war pictures, G-men -- but I don't care for them.

Once things get away from you, they're hard to get back.

III. SINGER FROM NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

Interview with Chauncey Blackmore, 67, Cadosia, Delaware Co.,
New York, March 21, 1940

Born 1873, two miles from Shohola Falls, Pennsylvania. My father come from Ireland when he was a boy; he was just a small boy and his father fetched him here. That was Nathaniel Blackmore; his father's name was Eteny Blackmore. They lumbered. It was all lumber them days -- ties, shingles, logs. You see the Erie railroad was goin' through. Those shingles was all shaved by hand with a drawin' knife.

I was the thirteenth one in my father's family -- the unlucky guy, I guess. -- (Were you?) Well, -- I don't know, I just said that. You know they always claim thirteen was unlucky, but I can't say that. -- He worked for hisself. He had his teams, his horses, his cattle -- he owned a farm ten miles from Milford -- that was the county seat of Pike County.

We'd go same as right up in there (pointing to forest up on mountain) cut a load of ties same as today, and tomorrow we take 'em to market. There was three points where we could sell ties: Shohola, Parker's Glen or Lackawaxen -- all on the Erie. We was right on a

point where we had to go ten miles with a load to any point. Got fifty cents a piece for oak ties.

(What were the amusements?) Well sir, the amusements them days -- they used to have a dance. Then they'd have an apple butter boiling. Some of them be dancing, see? and some of them be stirrin' that apple butter -- keep it from burnin'. Somebody be playin' a violin -- old fashioned tunes, you know, all square dances them days. O some of them be waltzin'.

There wasn't anything more than dances -- right back in the woods. It was too -- it was a wilderness at that time. There was no good roads -- except the old Milford and Owego turnpike -- that's where the stages run. I was a kid then -- stages used to run through. There was an exchange stable at Shohola Falls. They'd change horses.

(When did they sing?) We used to go from house to house and like that -- neighbors -- only two miles and three miles apart. Go in the evening and then everybody'd sing, you know, the old fashioned songs. We had more fun in them days. It used to cost twenty-five cents to have a good time all night -- to give the fiddler. He'd play all night till broad daylight in the morning if you wanted to dance. And cider -- everybody had that. That was free; right in their private homes.

We used to have the old schoolhouses there some place in the woods. We had two or three miles to go to get there. We'd have kind of a -- make an appointment with everyone to meet at the schoolhouse such a night -- neighbors, and then we'd sing. Everybody'd sing. Each man sing his own song. Each woman would sing. First one then the other, and so it would go round. Then there'd be always somebody'd be jolly and full of fun and lively, like Tom Kelly down here. He'd get out to dance. He can knock the spots right off. Oh Jeepers! He's a wildcat. Can't beat him.

My brother, he was the oldest boy in the family, and of course he was counted at that time the best singer was around there. His name was Edward Blackmore. He's around seventy-five years old. He's about four miles from Sussex, N. J., only fourteen miles from Port Jervis. Ask at Sussex; he lives with his son, Jean Blackmore. If he was feelin' right and a man touched him off with about a half a pint, he'd sing everything that H. J. Wehman ever published. (How did he learn them?) He'd hear somebody sing a song and he'd have that tune perfect -- just as perfect as they sung it. He'd sing it the next night himself, all the way through. He'd learn that song just a-hearin' it one time. (Long ones?) Just the same thing. There's William Riley -- had twenty-seven or twenty-eight verses in it. There's very few people knows that song. (Did he know it?) Yes, indeed, he did and does today. That one song I wouldn't say how long it took him to learn that. The real song and then the courtship -- that all goes together.

(Was he popular?) He used to go all over and sing. If there was anything goin' on in the neighborhood, Ed always had to be there. He'd have an invitation first pop out the box. It's too numerous to mention the names of the songs that man knows. You couldn't name a song but what he'd sing part of it. It was natural for him to sing, and just as quick as he heard a song, he'd carry it, go on right through with that song. It was sung right, too!

(What makes a good singer?) If a man's got a good clear voice and can carry a tune. You take 'em today and listen to the radio and they'll — hoo, hoo — (imitating yodelling) for five minutes till their breath is gone. That ain't no singin'. When anybody sings a song, they're goin' to sing it so anybody understands it and could learn the song if they wanted to. They got to sing so they speak every word plain in the song and carry the tune with it. But nowadays you'll hear them sing, and by thunder, you can't understand a word they say. All you'll hear is the tune.

I used to sing, but I had me teeth — and I've kind of forgot. Sometime when you come around I'll tell you over that William Riley song. That's quite a long one, though — take you quite a while to write it. "Lord Vandover" (Child 81) — that was the oldest song there was in the world. My aunt used to sing it: "There was nobody home but Lord Vandover's wife.....".

Station No. 1, ATC

Lt. Herbert Halpert

EDITOR'S COMMENT

This brief number appears in accordance with the proposal to issue the Bulletin in regular quarterly installments. Although there may be a change later, we have set March, June, September and December as the tentative dates for each number. The lateness of the June issue is due to the editor's rambling proclivities which have been accentuated by his assignment to a new job.

Our regular plea goes forth to all our friends. The Bulletin wants more contributions both of articles and notes. Surely each of you who subscribes has collected some items of interest. Furthermore, since quarterly publication will add to our costs, we will need new subscribers to bring up the bulk of the Bulletin. If each old member would get one new one, we could double the Bulletin's potentialities.

ERRATUM

On the top line of the first page of the March, 1944 issue of the Bulletin, "Vol. II ... Number 2" should read: "Vol. III ... Number 1."

RECORD OF INDIANA FOLKLORE

(This section will appear from time to time to call attention to articles that contain items of Indiana folklore not referred to elsewhere in the Bulletin. Contributions of references will be welcomed.)

Doering, J. Frederick, "Folk Remedies for Diverse Allergies," Journal of American Folklore, LVII (1944), 140-41. Contains two remedies from Vanderburgh County.

-----"Folksongs of the Corn Belt," ibid., 72-76. Contains four texts from Indiana.

-----"Legends from Canada, Indiana, and Florida," Southern Folklore Quarterly, II (1938), 213-20. Nos. 10 and 11 are from southern Indiana.

O'Bryant, Jean, "Indiana Folk Tales" (Introduction by Herbert Halpert),
The Folio: A Quarterly of Indiana Writing, VI (March, 1941),
40-42. Three southern Indiana legends, not folktales.

H. H.

NOTES AND QUERIES

COLLECTING PROVERBS

The editor has received the following communication which he thinks will interest members of the Hoosier Folklore Society:

"I have been made chairman of a committee in the American Dialect Society for collecting proverbs and proverbial sayings in the United States.... We wish to collect proverbs such as "a burnt child dreads the fire", "a new broom sweeps clean" and stock figures of speech which have become proverbial such as "as mad as a wet hen", "to kick like a steer", "till the cows come home", "a horse laugh", "a song and a dance". Each proverb or saying should be put on a 3X5 card or slip with the key word or idea in the upper left hand corner and the name of the state from which it comes in the upper right corner. We want to see what sayings are peculiar to each state or region and which ones are not. If the saying comes from a written source, the source should be supplied. If the community is chiefly Norwegian, Finnish, or what not, that fact should be stated. If the meaning is not evident, it should be given.

"....One may be able to enlist the help of superintendents of schools, county superintendents, rural teachers, newspaper editors, alumni, various groups and clubs....I know you are interested in such projects and I hope you will help in this one....

"Do you know Louise Snapp's "Proverbial Lore in Nebraska", done under Louise Pound in the University of Nebraska Studies, and Harold W. Thompson's Body, Boots and Britches (Philadelphia, 1943), Chapter XIX? These are two good examples of collections. One is for New York and one for Nebraska...."

Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

Margaret M. Bryant

(This is a splendid opportunity for our Society to undertake an exhaustive listing of proverbs from Indiana as a joint enterprise. The Bulletin will publish any collections submitted to the editor. Why not make such a collection from your friends or students? Whether large or small, send us your results. We won't insist on the 3X5 cards; just make it legible. Make a note of the county and also if the original source of the proverb is another state. If you happen to know that a particular proverb is also known in another locality, list both localities. See the following items for our first contributions.
-- The Editor.)

TWO PROVERBIAL COMPARISONS

Two sayings I heard as a child in Monroe County have always interested me:

1. "as poor as Job's turkey."
2. "as big a fool as Thompson's colt."

I never could learn of any story about "Thompson's colt". Can anyone give me more information about it?

Indianapolis, Indiana

Emma Robinson

(There is a good chance that this is the same "Thompson's colt" referred to in Chapter 25 of Alfred Henry Lewis, Wolfville Folks (New York, 1929), p. 257, "which animal is that besotted it swims a river to get a drink." (source: Arizona). Such comparisons are discussed by Archer Taylor in his book, The Proverb. Let's have more comparisons from all counties. —The Editor.)

PROVERBIAL COMPARISONS FROM OKLAHOMA AND MISSOURI

When I was an aviation cadet at Yale University in the summer of 1943, we had a section marcher from Oklahoma named Marvin Redfearn. He constantly "kept us in stitches" with the quaint sayings he used to fit individual situations. He had many more which I can't recall. I thought it best to change one word in the third saying. A fellow cadet told me that he used to hear No. 2 back home in Illinois. Nos. 5 and 6 are from Missouri, not Oklahoma. I used to hear them back home in St. Louis, and also on the campus at the University of Missouri.

1. "I ain't had so much fun since the hogs ate my baby brother."
2. "You're slow as my grandmother, but she's a lot older."
3. "He's a good kid, but he just defecates too close to the house."
4. "She's just as cute as a bug's ear."
5. "Just as crooked as a dog's hind leg."
6. "As shiny as a nigger's heel."

Sta. No. 19, ATC, APO 462,
c/o PM, Minneapolis, Minn.

Lt. Jack P. Olevitch